CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

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MY SECRET.

When first assurance came to me
That thy dear heart was mine,
I wandered forth upon the lea
Alone, lest all the world should see,
My secret so divine.

But ah, the world has passed me by,
Nor read the secret, dear;
The poor old world, so dim of eye,
So dull of ear, 'twere vain to try
To make my feelings clear,
To those who cannot know as I
Thy heart when love draws near.
—New York Home Journal.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

HE Gray Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian Ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck forward and looking across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl, in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheelhouse stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes—a man, in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, per-

"GO BACK, YOU FOOLS!"

haps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration; and he had heard her say among her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Gray Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelsman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so, but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?"

"Rosin," cried Will, raising his head quickly and sniffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheelhouse. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste, and yet with a fearful fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said, in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir; you may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and hurled him back.

"Go back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"

"Fire!" whispered the man hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold."

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will brain the man who dares to flinch a hair now! Stand back, I say!"

The men cowed before his superior will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of explosion, and the red flames leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible situation known to the sea—the one of all others the most feared—fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft!" he said, hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl; I am your master now."

She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman, with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurled the contents of a greater water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape the company shall know that they have a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I would save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her—you!"

"Just now you said I was a man," said Will quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you shirking for? Can't we talk and work, too?"

A strange smile came over the face of the old merchant and they hurled the cask into the water and assisted the man working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years and saw her every day I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not a word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch, and drove them aft.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway and the passengers taking places, when they left their work, and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats, and spoil your only chance?"

"Get out of the way!" hissed a gigantic Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow."

A pistol cracked and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before this determined young man, for even in an hour like this men fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young mate. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."

The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by name, went into the boat and pulled it away from the gangway, under command of the first mate. Boat after boat pulled up to the gangway, received its load and pulled away. There was no more rushing, for there was death in the eyes of the young mate and the captain, who had taken his place by his side.

"My daughter is not in the boats, young man," said Arthur Vane hoarsely.

"Miss Vane," cried Will, "you can come now."

Mabel, who had been standing apart, hurried forward. Mr. Vane stepped into the boat, and the last of the crew followed. Then a panic seemed to seize them and them pushed off, leaving the captain and the mate upon the doomed steamer, as long tongues of flame leaped out toward the boat. Through this fiery barrier the two men dashed and were seen striking out for the boat.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay."

The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man awed them, and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the columns of flame which shot into the air announced the fate of the Gray Eagle. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

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There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandrie, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.—Exchange.

When a baby cries it never sheds sufficient tears to drown the noise.

NUNS WHO NEVER SPEAK.

In the heart of the Pyrenees, near the city of Bayonne, though without the range of its vision, lies secluded the strangest convent in the world, the convent of the Bernardines, followers of the patron St. Bernard. The votaries who enter there spend their lives in an unending silence contemplating death and its sequel. They never speak a word to each other or to a living soul except at confessional, and they engage themselves by digging graves and studying skulls and otherwise concentrating their minds upon the theme of death. Yet great as are the hardships they suffer they probably

SISTERS OF BERNARDINES DIGGING GRAVES.

house more distinguished persons than any other order on the continent of Europe. There are many princesses and countesses among them, many of the royal blood. Indeed, it is believed nearly all are of high degree.

The convent migrated nearly a hundred years ago. It was started by several distinguished ladies, who, scorning the world and all of its pomps, withdrew to the solitude of the hills. With their own hands they built a few cabins, wherein the only furnishings were a board and a straw pillow for each to sleep on, and the only decorations skulls and crossbones.

The fame of these holy women spreading throughout the country, applications to join them were numerous, so that in time quite a little group of cabins was visible on the hillside. Each person entering was required to have enough of a fortune to support herself in this fashion for the rest of her days, for no bread-winning was allowed among the Bernardines. They were there to mediate, to pray, to adore and to glorify God, and to atone in some measure by excessive mortification for the sins of the world. As their only diet was bread and water the entrance fee was not exorbitant. The primitive cabins of the Bernardines yet exist and are yet occupied, although a more imposing edifice has grown up around them.

At every few steps in the convent hangs some inscription in huge black letters which contains the word "Death." It is impossible to forget for one moment one's inevitable destiny. "Are you prepared? This hour may be your last. Reflect on death" is a sample of the inscriptions. Another one that I noticed was to this effect: "That you may not sin because you have beautiful hair, cut it off. Beautiful eyes and a beautiful face have caused much sin. Detest them, and think about Death."

The nuns' cemetery is within the convent enclosures and is the favorite resort of the Bernardines. Here they promenade, praying for the dead, and at 4 o'clock every day each one digs a shovelful of earth from her own grave. As the Bernardines are vowed never to speak a word, the Servants of Mary attend to all of their necessities for them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

I am a bit of ashes. How I came to be here you wonder. I will tell you of my travels. When I first remember it was being on the back of a lamb whose fleece was white as snow. I was the fleece. I went around with the lamb whose name was Fanny, for two years, when the good old farmer came and took Fanny and me down to a small stream which flowed through his farm, washed us and took a pair of large shears and separated me from Fanny.

I, with a lot of my brothers and sisters, was put onto a wagon and drawn to market by two large white horses. I was then taken to a place called a mill, where they spun, spooled and wove me into a fine fabric. I was hauled to a dry goods store, plied up on a shelf among other pieces of cloth, and finally a lady bought me for her little girl whose name was Bella. She was a lovely little girl and thought me very pretty. I was to be made into an apron for Bella. She said that she would like to have me made "empire." Of course I didn't know what that meant.

They took me to the sewing-room, and there a lady took shears and cut me. Of course it hurt, but I was willing to stand anything for my young mistress, Bella's sake. Then they sewed me all up with a kind of thread and put lace on me and then I was ready to be worn. First I went to a lawn party at a nice residence of a little girl named Leta Snow. We had a lovely time (I mean Bella and I). They served ice cream and all sorts of goodies; all of which Bella seemed to enjoy. After that I went to quite a few parties. Then Bella only wore me to school. And after a while only around home until she grew tired of me and gave me to a little girl named Glady Jones, who was quite poor. She wore me quite a while "for nice," as she said, and then just around home. Then little Johnnie, her little brother, in a pet one night took the scissors and cut a big hole in me.

Then Gladys made me into a dollie's dress for Margaret, her prettiest dolly. After a while, she thought I wasn't good enough for Margaret, so she gave me to Maggie, her rag dolly. After that, Cecil, Gladys' younger sister, tried to cut blocks for her dolly's quilt out of me, but she didn't know how very well, so she wasted me and I fell onto the floor. Mrs. Jones picked me up and put me into the rag bag. An old man came along and bought me and I was taken to a shop and made into smooth, shiny writing paper and sold from the store to a little girl named Hattie.

This little girl's mother was away visiting and so Hattie wrote a kind letter telling her mamma to return as quickly as possible. Her mamma was visiting her little nephew's parents and her little nephew found me on the table and tore me into shreds. The nurse, coming in later, put me into the stove, and the consequence was that I am now ashes. Now you have heard my story. Good-by.

An Evening Amusement.

SHADOWGRAPHS.

New Jersey "Out of the Union."

Little New Jersey has the distinction of occasionally being referred to as "out of the Union," as if it had set itself up to be an independent State. The expression is one of such long standing that many who use it do not know its origin. Tradition has it that after the fall of the French Emperor Napoleon his brother Joseph, formerly King of Spain, came to America with the French prince Murat. The two foreigners decided to purchase landed property in America, but, owing to then existing State laws, prohibiting a foreigner from owning real estate, many States refused to let the refugees purchase land. At last application was made to the New Jersey Legislature, which passed an act enabling Joseph Bonaparte and Prince Murat to buy land in the State. The surrounding States poked fun at "little Jersey" for doing what they had refused to, and claimed that New Jersey was "out of the Union" because it had a king who was its social and political leader, for the former King of Spain was for many years one of the leading residents of the State.

A Book's Request.

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest."—Selected.

Big "I" in English Writing.

Did it ever occur to you that it might seem very egotistical for you to write of yourself with a capital "I" instead of using the small and less obtrusive one? The English use of the capital "I" is one of the oddest features of the language—to a foreigner. If a Frenchman writes referring to himself he makes "je" (the French equivalent of "I") with a small "j." So with the German, who may use capitals to begin every noun; he always uses the small "i" in writing "ich." The Spaniard avoids, as far as practicable, the use of the personal pronoun when writing in the first person, but he always writes it "yo," taking pains, however, to begin the Spanish equivalent of our "you" with a capital. In English it is surely big "I" and little "you," as the old saying has it.

CLEVER DOGS OF ESKIMOS.

Will Steal Food from Strangers' Tents, but Not from Their Own.

"Talk about dogs," said the old Alaska miner, at the dog show, "why, these curs of high and low degree are not in it when compared with the Alaska mamaloot. 'Musha' him and a broad smile spreads over his face, while his tail curls majestically over his back, and, with head and ears erect, every step he takes is a poem in arctic snows.

"From puppyhood up he takes to harness like a duck to water. He goes at it with vim and vigor characteristic of his ancestors. Rig the pup in any old harness, and it's amusing to see how good-naturedly he buckles down to business, staying with it like an old stager, never tiring, never feeling discouraged. One becomes very much attached to these exceedingly useful and companionable animals, and they always improve on acquaintance. The longer you know them the better you like them. With white men they are at first disposed to be a little shy, but they gradually make advances, and ultimately take the visitors into full confidence.

"When we pitched our tents on Nome beach last summer we had a little experience with huskies from the Eskimo huts. In our absence from the tents these dogs were inclined to take liberties with our provisions, but they did it in such a scientific manner that we felt more amused than outraged. The dogs would form a skirmish line on the outside, and then send their most skilled thief into the tent to reconnoiter for meat and bread. If this thief failed they would send another, and if he was successful they would divide the plunder in as intelligent and equitable a manner as dog thieves were capable of doing. These dogs were honest Injuns at home, but they would pilfer from the stranger. When they became better acquainted with us we could leave the mess chests open and they would never touch anything; they were on their dog honor, and never violated it, only accepting food when it was offered to them.

"I'm led to these remarks," said the old miner, "from seeing men and boys on the streets endeavoring to break all manner of domestic dogs to harness. They can't do it; it's utterly impossible, because the poor brutes were not born that way. The Newfoundlands or St. Bernards don't appear to have any interest in their new calling, and they show it in their downcast tails and dejected countenances. You must remember that dogs have very expressive faces, and show their feelings in a remarkable degree; they are the only animals that laugh and cry. They have shared my joys and sorrows in the bleak arctic, and this is why I have a tender heart for dogs."

England's Great Resources.

An amusing story is going the rounds of some Midland districts with reference to President Kruger. A grandson of that amiable old gentleman is said to have been in communication with Pretoria, and received a cable, "More ships arriving. Are any men left in Manchester?" Young Kruger went to Manchester and cabled back: "Regret, Manchester is still full." A second cable came from Pretoria: "Still more ships arriving. What about Leeds?" The answer was: "Regret, Leeds also full." A third cable came: "Try Newcastle." Young Kruger went to Newcastle and there saw a lift go down the shaft of a mine empty, bringing up eight men to the surface. Rushing off to the telegraph office he cabled: "Stop the war, grandpapa. England is bringing up men from h—l!"—London Black and White.

South Africa Volcanic.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.

It is said that Solomon never attempted to answer the questions of a child. This is another proof of the old gentleman's wisdom.

Every girl should have a silk petticoat. Its rustle sounds so rich she forgets she hasn't a cent in the world.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Rearing Ducks for Market.

There are several kinds of ducks reared for market, but it is the most profitable one which should be chosen. Fancy often stands in the way of this matter of profit. The poultry keeper is too apt to look at his fowls through the spectacles of fancy, and if his birds please his fancy, he has plenty of excuses to make for defects. But this is not business, and when it is the money coming in which is left to tell the story, the tale is quite different. As regards ducks, especially, there is a great difference in the kind and breed. Kind is distinguished from breed here for the reason that there are many kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, and shades between, of every breed; and sometimes it is true that a breed gains or suffers through the management.

But figures won't lie, unless they are forced to by too much pressure. And honest figures prove distinctly that there are ducks which surpass others in relation to breed. Fancy goes a long way, and so each country seems to

PRIZE PEKIN DRAKE.

have its best variety. The English choose the Aylesbury, the French the Rouen, but on this continent, having no special national bird, we choose that which makes the most money. And by the general verdict of those who keep ducks for profit in large quantities, the Pekin is the best of all breeds for money-making. Experience has shown that this duck makes ten to twelve pounds the pair at the same age at which the Rouen duck weighs eight pounds to the pair, which under the best management is when ten to twelve weeks old, and with precisely the same consumption of food. This duck is sufficiently strong-skinned to dress without tearing, and has no dark pinfeathers to blemish its appearance at the market age as the Rouen has. On every large duck farm where thousands are reared every year for market, the Pekin is universally the kind kept.

Eggs for Hatching.

Eggs for hatching should be gathered almost every hour during the day, says a poultry writer in the Homestead. When the egg is laid it is in its highest state of freshness. If left in the nest and one hen after another permitted to sit upon it the heat will start incubation, and if it is exposed to lower temperature afterward, the germ is killed and the egg decays. This is one cause of so many spoiled eggs that is not generally known or heeded by poultrymen. If the weather is cold they should be gathered often to prevent them chilling. The cold may not be so much as to actually freeze an egg, but it may be cold enough to chill it so it will not hatch. An egg is not frozen so as to crack the shell until the thermometer reaches 10 to 15 degrees, which is a point lower than should be reached in any poultry house. After the eggs have been gathered they should be kept at about a temperature of 60 degrees and never be subjected to any lower temperature than about 40 for safety.

Keeps Horse from Slipping.

The necessity of keeping a horse's shoes sharpened in winter weather to enable him to keep his feet on ice-covered and slippery pavemments has given inventors an attractive problem. One solution offered is an adjustable calk that can be fastened to the shoe temporarily and which can readily be resharpened at will. It consists of two bars, bent as shown, with their ends bent up into hooks so as to engage with the shoe. As both bars are of shorter length than the largest diameter of the shoe, it is evident that they can readily be held in place with a bolt and nut in the manner shown. Wedge-shaped calks are fastened in tapering holes formed in the bars, the location of the holes being directly over the iron shoe, so that they cannot accidentally be driven through into the hoof.

ADJUSTABLE CALKS.

Packers in Poultry Business.

The poultry trade views with alarm the giant strides made by the big packing firms, meaning the Swift and Armour companies, toward control of what has ben for many years a profitable business. These concerns have for a year or more been making large additions to the capacity of their poultry packing plants, and, further than this, they are represented to be now reaching out for mastery over the chicken producing territories of Kansas, Missouri, Illinois and the Northwest. The margin of profits in the poultry-packing business has been good for those who operate on a comparatively small scale, and it is no wonder that these two big packing firms should undertake to monopolize a field for which they have exceptional facilities in matters of transportation, storing and market-reaching.

Cut Feed for Working Horses.

While the horse is kept during winter mostly in the stable whole oats are probably better feed for him than meal, says The American Cultivator. The hulls of the oats, as farmers say, "tickle his insides" and increase the activity of his digestion. Some oats may pass through undigested, but unless the horse is old and has lost his teeth this loss may be overlooked. Anyway the fowls will get them. After 8 years of age horses should be fed cut hay moistened and with meal on it. But any horse that is hard at work every day should have his grain in meal and on cut hay. The meal is chewed with the cut hay just as oats would be. It is well mixed with saliva when it enters the horse's small stomach and passes into the intestines. So it does the greatest good possible for the nutrition it contains. All old farmers say that horses will stand hard work better on cut feed than on either whole grain or meal.

Early Plants for the Garden.

Those who have an incubator brooder may have a green house on a small but effective scale. Dig a hole in the ground large enough to admit the brooder in some sunny sheltered spot, bank pit on north side eighteen inches high and have a tight wood or canvas cover for use at night and stormy weather. The brooder is placed in this pit and the opening to the sun is closed. Three inches of good garden soil is placed in the brooder. The seeds are planted in this soil and the proper temperature maintained by means of the boiler heated by lamp. A thermometer will be used to test the heat. One can raise their early garden plants in this way with but little expense and less labor than the old-fashioned method of planting seeds in boxes placed in the kitchen.

Shire Mare.

The Shire mare Hendre Crown Princess was sold by Lord Wantage, a few weeks ago, at public auction in England for $5,500, a phenomenal price for a draft mare. She was got by Prince Harold, one of the most promising breeding horses in England, and her

HENDRE CROWN PRINCESS.

dam is by President. Her list of honors won in the show-ring is a long one and includes first prize and gold medal at the Royal Show held at Birmingham. She was brought out in great bloom the day she was sold and elicited the keenest competition.

Cost of Fattening Cattle.

A fat steer of 1,000 pounds weight is said to have in it 500 pounds of water, about twenty-five pounds of nitrogen, eighteen pounds of phosphoric acid and two pounds of potash. To buy this nitrogen to return to the soil it would cost about $3.50, and the phosphoric acid would cost about $1. In selling such an animal raised on the farm and farm products about $4.50 worth of fertilizing material is taken. If bran, linseed meal or other grain is bought to feed it, more than this would probably be added to the farm, and it would be growing richer, while if the hay and grain it consumed had been sold off the farm, it would have been robbed of much more.—American Cultivator.

How to Locate Henhouses.

Poultry houses should not be located on the north side of a clump of evergreen trees or to the north of buildings that will shut off the supply of sunshine in the winter time. Sunshine should be present at all times of the day; its salutary effect will be remarkable. In the summer time the fowls naturally get all the sunshine they want without our help, but at this time of year we must give them our help. Sunshine will keep the air dry, and will, to some extent, neutralize the moisture constantly being thrown off from the lungs of the fowls. A few good-sized windows on the south side will prove of immense value.—Farmers' Review.

Lime on Onions.

Lime is excellent on the onion bed, as it assists in destroying worms. It will also serve to make the manure more available. The onion seems to grow on the top of the ground entirely, but it sends out roots far and deep, and is one of the heaviest feeders of the soil known. The land can not be too rich for onions.

Stick to One Grade of Wool.

It pays better to keep a flock of sheep with the wool as near one kind of grade as possible—that is, a Shropshire ram should not be used one year, a Lincoln the next, a Leicester the next, and so on until the flock is mixed up with a little of everything.—John Jackson.